

The Pocahontas Times.

It thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from taunting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia July 9 1903.

\$1.00 a Year

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Physician and Surgeon
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All calls promptly answered.

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Practice Confined to the Diseases of
Women and Children.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,
Marlinton and Academy, W. Va.
Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its bran-
ches.

First to Twentieth in Marlinton,
Twentieth to Thirtieth Academy.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice throughout Pocahontas county.
Those needing his services will
please communicate by letter and
make appointments to suit con-
venience.

NAMING OF RIVERS.

HOW OUR STREAMS GOT THEIR NAMES.

The Indian Names Seldom Adopted by Our Pioneers.

An interesting study to some people is to be found in some of the geographical names of the country. And it is not necessary to go to the features of the continent known to the world over. We know that the Hudson River was named for Hendrik Hudson, a Dutchman, and that the Mississippi is an appropriate Indian name for a river but not for a State.

One of the puzzles among names in West Virginia is in the naming of the Kanawha and New rivers which constitute one and the same stream. The geography tells us that the Kanawha is formed by the junction of Gauley and New rivers. Why then does the river not change its name when the Greenbrier enters the New. Greenbrier is the larger or at least longer than the Gauley and New River is smaller at the mouth of the Greenbrier than at the mouth of Gauley. The waters do not divide anything like equally at the mouth of either stream. The Ohio is formed by two rivers of nearly equal importance and neither river having influence enough to give a name to the stream so forming a new name does not cause comment.

Major Hutchkiss had a theory in regard to the New and the Kanawha River that is no doubt correct. He said that on the east of the Alleghenies the pioneers named the New River for a man named New and they knew that it disappeared in mountain fastnesses but had no idea what became of it. On the Ohio the settlers named the same stream the Kanawha without knowing where it headed. As a matter of fact the two formed the same stream and the names stuck even after the identity of the stream was established. We think that it is not too late to change the name of this, one of the most remarkable rivers in the world and make it one or the other.

In Indian times the name of the New would be adopted. Now it would probably be the Kanawha. This brings up the fact that in old times the settlers whenever they gave it a thought objected strenuously to Indian names. They reminded them of a race of people who were dreaded and abhorred. The Indian represented all that was low and treacherous and he had not a single ennobling trait. This should be remembered when we deplore the fact that so few of the fine expressive Indian names have been preserved. If we had to contend for our lives and property with a vile, dirty and degraded race of people we would not allow our streams and mountains, in which we take delight, to bear names that would ever remind us of them.

The Ohio bears an Indian name but I remember an explanation by one of the public school teachers of my childhood as to its meaning which made its impression but which we have since repudiated. He pointed to the map and said that the State of Ohio was named because it was round at both ends and high in the middle. This would go to prove that the Indian had knowledge of the Roman alphabet.

The above instance of finding the origin of the word Ohio brings to mind the wonderful derivation of the word Kentucky with authorities agree means the "dark and bloody ground." We once heard the theory advanced by a school teacher of ours that "Kentucky" was from the words "Ken" (can) and "tuck" (the sound supposed to be made by a large bird when it comes to the ground with a thud). The teacher went on to explain that after a massacre in which the white settlers had perished mid flame and smoke and by this hatchet in the hands of the redskins, a turkey was hit by a stray arrow and killed. The Indians evidently had been city bred, for they gathered around the turkey

and viewed it as a great curiosity. One buck took the bird and threw it in the air, and it came to the ground with such force that what air remained in it was forced out with an audible sound which the Indians interpreted as "tuck," and exclaimed, "Kin-tuck," and from that a large river and a great state received its name.

The name of Tea Creek, Cranberry, Stony Creek, Elk, Deer Creek, State Camp, Straight Creek, Laurel, Still House, Run, Rad Run and the like are streams which to this day show why they were so named. Then Koapps Creek, Williams River, Sitlington Creek and many others bear the names of pioneers who founded for themselves homes upon their banks or were the first to see them.

It is not so clear why the Greenbrier was so named. Of course we have all heard how General Andrew Lewis got himself mixed up in a poky greenbrier patch on the banks of the queen stream of our mountain land and losing more hair and hide than a dozen Indians ever took from him, he named the river in commemoration of the one thing which could take his hair, Greenbrier. The name is almost two hundred years old, but it is a good name yet, and we would object most strenuously to its being changed for one of a newer pattern.

The person who tries to find out the wherefore of things, however, strikes a snag when he comes to the cognomen Gauley and Cheat Rivers. We have never heard a reason advanced for the names of these two rivers that would hold water so to speak. The theory has been advanced that Daniel Boone in crossing Cheat mountain found a stream rippling along the top of the mountain instead of flowing peacefully at its base, as is generally the custom of rivers in this and every other Christian country. The water also ran in an opposite direction from the waters of the Greenbrier at the foot of the mountain. Uncle Daniel was somewhat turned about in his calculations and being fooled by the clearness of the water, got wet nearly to the waist when he only bargained for enough water to reach his knees, and he fourthly decreed that the river that flowed along the top of a mountain, in the wrong direction, and whose waters were so clear as to fool an old woodsman as himself should thenceforth and forever bear the name of Cheat.

As for Gauley, it is still harder to find who gave the name, when it was given and why. It is a well known fact in the early part of the eighteenth century this part of Virginia was often visited by Frenchmen, especially priests who were here to teach the Indians. It was the intention of these adventurers and missionaries to lay the foundation for a vast empire, embracing Canada, what is now the Middle West and the Mississippi Valley, compelling the Americans to be content with a comparative narrow strip on the Atlantic seaboard. These Frenchmen knew this country well a generation before the Scotch Irish settlers on the other side of the Alleghenies began to flock to rich pasture lands on the western slopes of that great barrier, which were the very cream of the Ohio Indians hunting grounds, and as Gaul is the ancient name of France, who is there who will dispute the conjecture that some good old priest as he strove to sow the seed of his religion upon the earth, got all mixed up among the savage aborigines of the New Continent, thinking of the glorious future in store for a country so rich in natural resources, called the river Gauley in honor of his own beloved Country?

The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is evident that names were given to most of our streams before the day of the summer boarder with his jaw breaking words which made the native gasp and that the men who named them were plain men who called a spade a spade. When coming to a run whose waters were tinged to a

deep red by spruce timber which grew on the banks it was naturally called Red Run, and so on to the end of the chapter.

While a great many of the names are not exactly appropriate not to say "poetic," yet it is our private opinion that if the naming of our streams had been left to persons who could have given them high sounding names with turned edges, our streams would have been nameless to day. The names our landmarks to a large extent, simply as they are stand as a monument to the rough, hard man who blazed the way for civilization, and opened up clearings where the men from the settlements could come and sit, unmolested by wild beast and wilder men, and wonder why the name given the stream by the greasy red man had not been retained.

Knappe Creek.

The farmers of this beautiful valley have been busily engaged in their various duties as successful agriculturists.

Our wheat crop promises to be fair. Oats are doing fine. Corn in not doing so well on account of the cool weather during last month and of the damage caused by various kinds of worms.

Our lambs have nearly all been sold at good prices. Cattle are still for sale. John A. Cleek has a nice bunch of ewes and lambs for sale.

Work on Col. R. S. Turk's fine barn is progressing nicely. It will be one of the best barns on the Creek when completed.

Jacob Moore is quite able to plow his corn, although some of the turns are quite short and demand a skillful driver.

William Ruckmann and son have built a mill, and are running it by the immense water power furnished by the rapid falling stream near his house. Two bushels of meal in fifteen minutes is the latest record.

Z. Z. Goulet has eight acres of potatoes which promise to make an abundant yield per acre. Mr. Willis Gibson and photographer Gay were in our midst during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Barlow passed through our neighborhood enroute to Monterey, Va., recently.

Mrs. Price Campbell of Highland county has been visiting Mr. Wise Herold and family.

Thomas Maleomb is preparing for the construction of a new dwelling house.

M. F. Herold attended the Musical Association at Arbovale last week.

We have been having very heavy rains and the streams are swollen considerably.

Notice.

The teacher preparing the best essay to be read at the County Institute in August 1903, will receive a medal from Mr. R. C. Montague and myself, which will be presented to you by my successor Mr. J. B. Grimes.

Respectfully,
JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
County Supt. Schools.

LOST—Between Marlinton and W. McClintic's, June 17, 1903, a small, brown leather purse with a single clasp. Between \$35 and \$40 in bills: a \$20, a \$10 and several \$1 bills. Liberal reward. Naomi A. Kennison.
Buckeye, W. Va.

WANTED: Some good timber land on or near Railroad. Have buyers to whom we can sell at once. List your farms with us.
STUART & WATTS,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

WANTED.
Good painter, state wages. Apply to Greenbrier River Lumber Company, Marlinton, W. Va.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on the lands of the undersigned in any manner, especially by cutting timber and gathering berries and chestnuts, under penalty of the law.

Nancy A. Hevener.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

GATHERED BY W. T. P. IN UPPER POCAHONTAS.

The Second of the Series—A Visit to Boyer.

As remotely as July 1851 I have cherished a relish for Green Bank domineers. The housekeepers of that section seem to have possession of a secret by which they can get out of a fat-tended domineer as much good living as a London cook can get from the proverbial Aldermanic Turtle, that we read about.

Hence my courteous reader need not be surprised to hear that I came near being persuaded to prolong my stay with Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

By special effort I took up my valise and set out on a tramp for Arbovale. My venerable friend went with me to the bars and would lay them down for me, and had it not been for a weedy patch of corn he would have made the tramp with me, to see that I got over the fences without breaking any bones. At Arbovale some time was spent in a visit to Mrs. Claudia Brown, eldest daughter of the lamented Mrs. Elizabeth Dysard who is so much missed by her family and her church. Mrs. Dysard excelled in her kind treatment of gospel ministers and itinerants of all others represented in her vicinity were treated alike and shared the best she had to spread before them by the way of bed and board. The writer knows from actual experience that all this was as good as the best to be had anywhere. It was pathetic to hear how unexpectedly her useful life came to a close and how an absent daughter and husband travelled all night to be at her side and was only in time to see her alive but a few moments. The scene, whence a good woman departs for her heavenly rest has associations too sacred to be casually spoken of and so let the veil be drawn, and all be left with her loved ones to remember with their tears and fond memories.

Leaving Arbovale it was not long before I met Capt. S. B. Hanna coming for me and soon his charming home was entered.

This home with its trees flowers and grassy lawn, is on a natural terrace and fronts to the east. The high veranda overlooks a prospect of the charming and varied features of which must be seen and studiously contemplated, to be appreciated. Three daughters and seven sons with the parents form the home circle when all are present.

Capt. Hanna went into the confederate war as one of the Hampshire Sydney boys who were captured June 1861 in the battle of R'e's Mountain and sent home by Gen. McClellan.

He then became a cadet of the V. M. I. and was commandant of the cadet guard at the Gen. Stonewall Jackson's body to the grave at Lexington. When paroled Capt. Hanna joined the Charlotte cavalry and served the remainder of the war.

The profound sympathies of all her friends for seven or eight years past have gone out for Mrs. Lizzie Hanna, rendered so helpless by a fall and neuralgia troubles. At present she is comparatively free from pain and has become so expert in the use of her rolling chair she can go from room to room and do a great many things in home-keeping affairs. One of her daily readings is this:

"Be you but faithful; then ere long you'll reckon
All earthly things but drop, your life work done,
Celestial doors will open, angels beckon,
Your crown be won."

And it is true that o'er that shining river,
God's tender hand shall wipe away all tears!
O stricken one, look up and close your mourning!
God's promises are faithful tried and true.

The excursion to Boyer planned for the afternoon of June 23rd turned out to be one of special interest to me. Capt. Hanna brought out his old gray veteran of a once white horse, so agile as not to know a what a fence or ditch is for, and we set out for an outing.

The way led through meadows and pastures aggregating by common estimate a thousand acres. On our way we met one of the proprietors of this vast continuity of verdant fields surrounded by one of his herds.

It was beautiful to notice the affection the cattle of various grades and ages manifested for the venerable man, seated on his horse and bravely dealing out salt by the handful.

Salting cattle is not the hilly burly performance it once was before dehorning was introduced. It is not the pushing scrambling and bellowing event it was when long horns and strong stiff necks were so much in evidence. In this herd was a lame steer and an invalid calf and if there was any thing preferential they had it and were getting along to the entire satisfaction of the owner. The change that dehorning has brought about in the demeanor of cattle is simply marvelous at salting time.

In due course of driving, Boyer was reached, an enterprise, that promises much in the lumber industry at present, located at the upper end of the Urah Hevener ranch, as one goes towards Travellers Rest.

One hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars were expended ere the work became productive. The forest had to be cleared away to have sites for buildings and mills, several miles of broad gauge tramway constructed to have facilities for reaching the railroad up the Greenbrier.

About thirty families are settled in and around Boyer and one hundred operatives find employment at the present time. A large store is carried on with monthly sales over three thousand dollars the current season. Two mills are in Boyer and quite a number of portable mills are at work towards Buffalo mountain, along with many persons peeling tan bark besides. One of the first features of the busy scene that opened up as we entered this new lumber town was the elder Mr. Bok, himself seated on a large stump and like all born leaders of men, was so quietly managing things as to seem to have less to do than any one else in sight, and apparently less concerned.

Sested in our conveyance he and Mr. Hanna had a free and easy talk while I listened and tried to catch on for something to make notes of for my pet readers of the Times who may yet have the pleasure of seeing this interesting town that seemingly like Jonah's gourd has sprung up in the night but gives promise of holding out much longer than that proverbial vine, for Boyer is bound to live and flourish as long as seven thousand acres of timbered forest will yield resources.

To me personally however the most interesting feature was the new house of worship now in course of erection. The location is an ideal one for convenience to the town and for its charming surroundings. A more beautiful grove of young oak trees, by which the church is to be overshadowed is not to be found anywhere, that I have ever been.

The site of the old Phillips' home is quite near Boyer, where I took dinner one day in August 1851, and could spin out a long story about what occurred, but I will save it for the novel that I may never write unless enough people will speak for it in advance. The first declining sun of this longest day of the year, admonished us to be on the move for Green Bank, and on our way back a female pedestrian was met that I would like the best of many things to have the privilege of introducing to our notorious strenuous president at Washington, for I am convinced from the way she

walked and the expression of her eye, she will never draw her shotgun over the door from its rack, unless she means to shoot "every 1st one of them" that might be in range, in a troublesome way, whether men, women, cows or hogs. In due time having made the requisite loop we reached Arbovale already referred to in these notes and in passing over hospital run, with its historic legend as to the origin of its name, and going up the incline beyond, we met James Kerr whose lamented son many will remember as one of the first officers to die in the Philippine war and was buried in the deepest Pacific.

It seems to me that it would be a useless task to try to evolve from the imagination material for thrilling stories when there are so many actual facts in reach, stranger even than plausible fiction. About sunset the Green Bank Manse was reached, the amiable lady of the Manse was on the portico and when I enquired whether there would be any chance for a night's lodging, I was assured "there was a right much chance for doing so."

Here I close for the present the pleasant recollections of that memorable day in June with its excursion to Boyer, one of the many busy centers of industry working out such marvelous changes in our great and important county.

W. T. P.

HON ALEX McVEIGH MILLER
WRITES US CONCERNING THE FEVER EPIDEMIC.

Morgantown Scourged With Typhoid Fever, On Account of Lack of Water Facilities.

Editors Pocahontas Times:
The Morgantown Post says that calling attention to the epidemic of typhoid fever here has cost the town \$75,000 in the loss of business, and three or four hundred loss of population. Now here we have the secret of the whole business. A pecuniary loss to Morgantown is like a red flag to a mad bull; it starts a bellowing that will in the end do much good. The abuse of people and papers that tell the truth about fever epidemics here will call attention to the fearful ravages of the disease. Let the good work go on. Dr. Purington has helped to let the people know a little of the epidemic here. He says there are about fifty cases of typhoid fever in Morgantown. This sounds big the people of West Virginia who live in healthy communities. The fact is, there are over one hundred cases instead of fifty, and if the good doctor will send a man, I will furnish one and have a thorough canvass of the town made, and settle the matter for good. The canvass should be made by our agents together and there would be no mistake. The result would be published all over the State. The doctor says the water is fairly good, yet he has never had a bacteriological analysis made of the water, with the view of testing for fever germs.

The doctor certainly does not have much faith in the purity of the water, or he would not offer to furnish distilled water to the students. If the students drank nothing but distilled water, they would have to carry canteens and cakes of ice with them, for they are at the University only a small portion of the time. The president admits that the fever is on the increase, which is a lamentable fact. Therefore something must be done to stop its ravages, or the taxpayers of the State will not keep up their contributions to the University. There are healthy towns in the State that will furnish pure water, and will give the State as good buildings as the ones here, if the Legislature will give them the University, and let them sell the present University buildings at Morgantown prices for real estate.

It would be better if the loss mentioned by the Post should

come off the people of Morgantown, than the people who send their children to the University, and have to pay four or five hundred dollars expenses for a case of typhoid fever, to say nothing of the worry and terrible anguish caused by the loss of a dear child. It is ridiculous to say that there have only been two or three deaths from fever here, as the regent who is superintendent of the Morgantown water works said in a letter to another regent. Anyone who will read the death notices in the papers here will find a long list of deaths from typhoid fever. Some of the parties interested in the sale of water here say that they have fever and a great deal of it at Fairmont and other up the river towns that empty their sewage into the river above us; so how could the river here be free from typhoid fever germs.

The stories told about water purifying itself by running a short distance is a fake. I am told that there is good pure water in Cheat River, six miles from here. Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County, pumps water three or four miles out of Greenbrier River, yet the town has only a population of about 1500 people. Why then, could not Morgantown, which claims as many thousand population, pump water six or seven miles out of Cheat? Let the men who talk about being misrepresented and about yellow journalism, answer the question. Of course, as I understand now, that there would be howling done when the truth was told about the fever and water at this place, but it is just as well for a few people here to stand a small money loss, as it is for the people of the State who send to school here, to lose their dear ones, or to see them suffer with typhoid fever.

Since the writing the above I have talked with Doctor I. C. White and he says plenty of good mountain water for domestic use can be had at a small cost.

ALEX McVEIGH MILLER
Morgantown, W. Va.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.
By authority vested in me as trustee by decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County and by deed dated September 3rd, 1903, of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Trust Deed Book No. 2, a page 141, made by G. M. Shearer to J. E. Tipton, Trustee, to secure the Bank of Greenbrier, W. H. Shearer, and J. C. Gay in the payment of a note of \$750.00 and the Bank of Marlinton being the owner of said debt by assignment from said Bank of Greenbrier, and default having been made in the payment of said note, and having been duly appointed trustee in the room and stead of J. E. Tipton by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the 16th day of June, 1903, the said J. E. Tipton having removed from the State of West Virginia, and being requested so to do by the beneficiaries under this trust, the undersigned Trustee will on

Tuesday, July 21, 1903
at the front door of the courthouse of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder the following real estate:

The three-sixteenths undivided interest in 700 acres of land on the waters of Williams River known as the Shearer Home place. The interest to be sold is the interest originally owned by the said grantor prior to her contract with H. Nathan and others on the day of February, 1902. The farm is one of the best hay and grass farms in Pocahontas County.

Terms of Sale—Cash.
Given under my hand this 22d day of June, 1903.

ANDREW PRICE, Trustee.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets
All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.